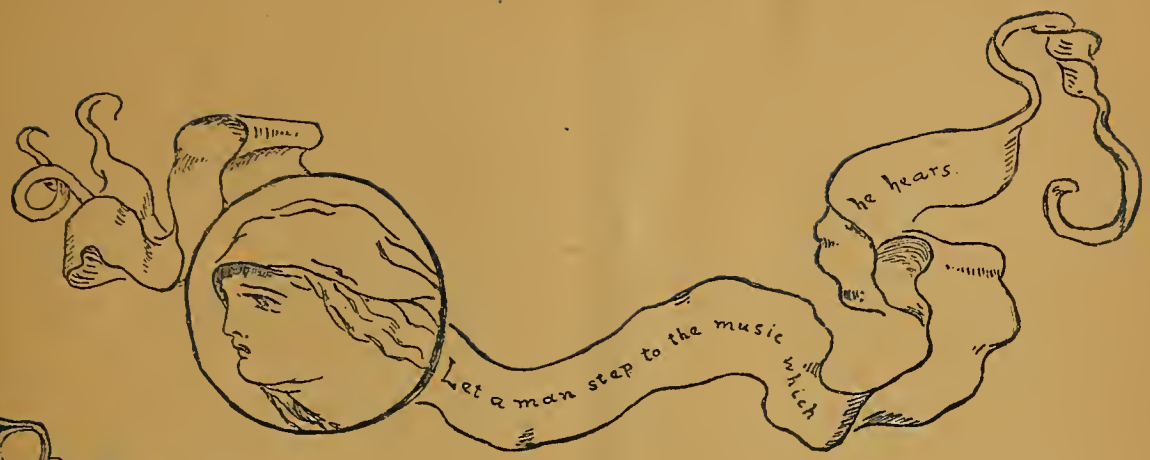

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 1.

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

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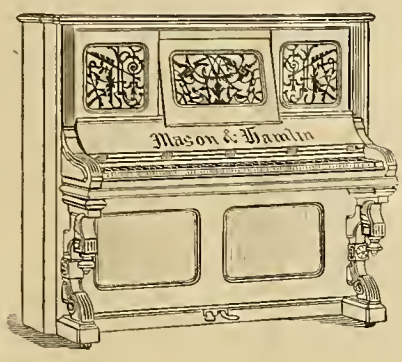

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ESTABLISHED 1880.

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On account of the intended destruction of this building, 31 East 17th Street, (between 4th Ave. and Broadway), where I have been established for many years, my address after May 1st, will be

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. 2. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890. NO. 1

The Wellesley Prelude.

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EDITORS:

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ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.
CAROLINE FREAR, '93. SARAH S. HICKENLOOPER, '94.
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CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

ONE year ago the PRELUDE began its career as an independent college paper, and now the sturdy youngster stands in all the pride and hopefulness of its first anniversary.

The first year of life did not prove an easy one. Pecuniary difficulties were struggled with and overcome. But a year of hardship as well as success has not been without advantage to the paper. The experience and self-reliance gained from trials cannot but prove valuable in the future. Though at one time the outlook was dark and a crisis threatened, the catastrophe was averted and at the end of the year the PRELUDE had paid its debts and still stood before the world independent.

The paper will be changed in some particulars for the coming year. An editorial department is to take the place of the leaders. The department of College Notes will be enlarged. This is, to many, the most interesting part of the paper, and it is, in many respects the most difficult matter to obtain. Small items of news, of interest to those within the college or to Alumnæ are earnestly requested from all connected with the college. It is not necessary that the items be written out and handed in, but any one of the editors will be grateful to receive such notes. Personals are included under this head.

Especial pains will be taken during the coming year with the Alumnæ Notes, as this department of the paper is certainly of wider interest than any other. Sometime during the year it is the purpose of the paper to furnish the whereabouts of each Alumna.

In order that our paper may succeed, it must have the hearty support of all the undergraduates. Last September, out of the seven hundred and eighty-two students, only about three hundred subscribed. This certainly is not a fair showing. A college man goes without some necessary luxury in order to take the college paper. To support the paper is to show loyalty to the college. And we, who are so justly proud of our Alma Mater ought surely to do all in our power to make her representative before the world in every way worthy of her. By subscription and by contribution the PRELUDE needs the assistance of every student.

Literary contributions should be left in the PRELUDE box in the office, addressed to the *Literary Editor of the Prelude*. Subscriptions should, in all cases, be paid to Miss Esther Bailey, Business Manager.

NEW COURSES.

Wellesley does not begin another year without making some advance in the matter of equipment. Several new courses have been added to the list already generously full, and the body of Faculty has gained some valuable new members.

A department of comparative philology has been established by Prof. Horsford, and Dr. Helen Webster

will have this course. Dr. Webster has studied in Zurich, and last year taught at Vassar. She will also have charge of Senior Latin, and of the course in Anglo Saxon, which is sure to receive new impetus under her direction.

Our college library is finely equipped for work in philology, and we have, in the Faculty Parlor, the most complete library in the world, of the languages which have no literature. It was collected by Prof. Horsford, who became very much interested in the North American languages, finding in them a wide field for work in philology. The Wellesley Philological Club feels that it has received a great addition in the person of Dr. Webster.

This year a course in Domestic Economy will be open to Seniors and to second and third year Specials. The course is to be directed by Miss Marion Talbot, of Boston, who has done original work in the laboratories of the Boston Institute of Technology.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine has been appointed Junior Professor of Greek. Mrs. Irvine taught in Miss Anna Brackett's school in New York, and last year at Mrs. Shaw's school in Boston. In 1875, while in Cornell, Mrs. Irvine took the prize in an intercollegiate contest in Greek, and has since studied abroad.

AT BREAKFAST.

Mrs. Spriggins, fat and flurried, but withal very affable, showed me to a seat at the breakfast table, and bustled about the room, adjusting the shutters, and flecking the dust from off the chairs with her generous, gingham apron.

Meanwhile I, from my station by the table, watched my fellow-boarders, as, one by one, they dropped into their places. A hot, August morning is hardly the time for close, critical study, even though the subject be the fascinating one of new faces. So my few mental observations were somewhat sketchy in form, and disconnected.

Opposite me sat a lean, hungry eyed youth, possessed of manifold freckles, and a gorgeous, plaid neck-tie,—a dry-good's clerk, whom the boarders called the "Cadaver." His contributions to the table talk were few; indeed, his whole attention seemed riveted upon the dishes before him. Yet, at rare intervals, and when least expected, the lantern jaws would fly open, set free a spasmodic utterance, and spring together again, with a quick, decided jerk.

But conversation did not languish, for the funny, little, old lady on my right chatted volubly with everyone, and asked me all my family history and pedigree, much to the amusement of the rest of the company. Finally, she wound up with the abrupt inquiry, "Be you a Baptist?" Her snapping, black eyes scanned me so sharply that I felt a little uncertain as to my fate, in case my answer should not please her. But fortune favored me, and my hesitating "No," met with the fervent ejaculation, "Glad on't! I tho't yer might be," she went on, "Yer look kinder sot-like round yer mouth. They're an awful lot. My brother Silas, he's one, and it used ter be pretty hard times livin' with him, fur he wus allus rantin 'bout his views. But, at last, one day, says I ter him, 'Silas, I'm mighty glad yer *be* a Baptist.' Before he got over feeling pooty s'prised at this, I finished up. 'I'm mighty glad there be those as are *willin'* to be Baptists,' says I, and he colored up and looked kinder meachin, and's never peeped since, about Baptists, 'tis fur as I know." The wizened, little Anti-Baptist grinned with satisfaction at the thought, and munched a bisciut with keen relish.

"Being used to cold water, he ought not to mind a little damper like that," said the melancholy man on my left.

This gentleman interested me greatly. He was pale and care-worn, and had the saddest look which I have ever seen on human face. I wondered what hidden sorrow had thus early shadowed his life, for he was barely thirty. But when I learned that he edited the "funny column" of a city "Weekly," all was explained. The awful responsibility of being obliged, once in every seven days, to grind out a column or two of would-be witticisms, wore upon him, and, I doubt not, had a similar effect upon his readers. At all events, I doubt if my nervous system ever recovers from the effects of that month's diet of incessant puns. His whole aspect reminded me of Saxe's sad lament:

> "It's such a very serious thing,
> To be a funny man."

I fell to musing over this couplet, but was soon interrupted.

"Mos' time fur Mis' Garfield to git down," piped the Anti-Baptist, adding cheerfully, "Shouldn't wonder if one o'these bad spells should carry her off some day."

"Heaven grant it!" piously murmured the Editor, "That is, that or some other vehicle."

"She's comin—r'else—the Professor," jerked the Cadaver, and, wearied by this effort at conversation, retired into his coffee-cup for a season.

"Good morning, Mrs. Garfield," said Mrs. Spriggins, beaming upon the new-comer, from behind the huge coffee-pot.

I looked up, to see a faded, sallow woman, close-wrapped in a thick, worsted shawl, although the weather was of the warmest. She seated herself wearily, and faintly declared that she "never felt so bad before in her life." "I wanted to see you all once more, so I dragged myself down, but I know that I can't eat a mouthful."

"Regular programme, Act I," explained the Editor in a tragic whisper.

"*Do* try a bit of steak. You'll feel better for it," said Mrs. Spriggins cheerily. After a little more urging, which met with the plaintive refusals, the Invalid at length consented to "try and worry down just the *least*, little bit, *dear* Mrs. Spriggins, of your nice omelette, though I know 'twill half kill me," and soon was eating with all earnestness.

"Act II. Will repeat, if desired," murmured the Editor sadly, and the Anti-Baptist sniffed audibly.

At this point a step was heard in the hall. "Its —the Professor," announced the youth of the gay neck-wear, the "Cadaver." "Please,—the butter —thanks!"

"Professor of what?" I asked. "Ger-rums," responded the "Cadaver" concisely, and fell to eating with renewed vigor. I was a bit puzzled, but kindly Mrs. Spriggins came to my relief. "He's making a new medicine for dyspepsia, and most anything else you can think of, and is mixing and brewing the whole time. He'll tell you all about it, when he comes. Law sakes, he can't talk of anything else."

The door opened, to admit the subject of our talk, his thin, gray locks waving in the breeze, and his rusty alpaca coat flapping about his gaunt frame as he walked. His necktie was sadly askew, a sure sign with the Professor, as I came to know, of mental perturbation. He had an anxious, abstracted look, and seemed unwilling to talk, even upon his favorite subject, though the Editor asked encouragingly, "Are they lively this morning, Professor?" But the Professor paid no heed, and sat in silence, tapping his cup restlessly with his thin, nervous fingers. I afterward found that the cause of this unwonted depression was an explosion of the gas which formed an important ingredient of his new medicine, and which had cost him much time and money.

"Have a care, sir," and the Editor gently rescued the pepper-box, as the Professor was mildly wafting it over his coffee. The Professor scowled at this plate, and regarded the inoffensive eggy mass upon it, with ireful suspicion.

"Germs, germs, all germs, everywhere," he muttered. "We eat'em with every mouthful, we breathe them in with every breath. The universe is chock full of 'em, and the public will never be safe till Prof. Adams' Great Germ Exterminator is introduced into every household." During this oratorical outburst, he absent-mindedly reached for his third doughnut, and soon, rising abruptly, left the room, closing the door with a sharp slam.

"Laud! How that made me jump! Why couldn't he stay, and finish his breakfast like a Christian? I never liked his looks. I believe he's a furriner." This, of course, from the Anti-Baptist.

"Yes," plaintively responded the Editor, heaving a deep sigh, "I'm sure that he's a Germ-man."

An awful stillness fell upon us, at this remark, broken only by a stifled chuckle from the "Cadaver." To restore the spirits of the company, the Editor pulled from his pocket the following, which he had written that morning for the "Weekly."

"Mrs. Goody, on reading in the 'Weekly' that mischief was hatching at Harvard, remarked, "Well, I heard that some of the Faculty had been settin' on the students."

This caused a general up-rising among the boarders, and they separated. The owner of the gay neck-tie started for his daily toil; Mrs. Spriggins waddled off to the inner regions to hold conclave with Bridget, and to rack her good-natured

brain over the dinner bill-of-fare; while the little Anti-Baptist trotted gayly off to get her knitting, over which she was presently nodding; and the Editor ran up the stairs to his attic room, singing in a doleful, minor key,

"There was a young man from New York,
Who ate consommeé with a fork,
But one day at noon,
They gave him a spoon,
And he stole it, the debonnair gawk."

The stuffy little boarding-house still stands beneath the old, pine-trees, though another than Mrs. Spriggins wields the domestic sceptre. The Professor is still winning his way into the hearts, (and what is more to his purpose,) into the pocket-books of the public, by his popular remedies. As for the "Cadaver," I always look for him in the city streets, but thus far in vain. Very likely he has gotten a new neck-tie, and for that reason I fail to recognize him. The mournful Editor still supplies the "Weekly" with his weakly jokes, and, —the world and I jog on.

Katherine F. Gleason, '91.

BETSY.

It was one of the warmest days with which the city of Louisville had been blessed; one of those July days when the sun fairly scorched itself, to say nothing of such an insignificant thing as this terrestrial ball. But despite the heat, the Sunday-School room of one of the most fashionable churches in the city was filled with daintily-robed maidens and carefully-brushed boys. The superintendent opened the service and soon the voices of the children were mingled in the song, "Whiter than Snow."

At this point, my attention was directed to an object at the door, which proved to be a little negro girl, about five years old. Judging from her personal appearance and apparel, she had never come in contact with any substance which could render her anything like the color of snow. She slipped into a back seat unobserved, save by few, and sat staring about like a stranger in a strange land. She had evidently been attracted by the music, and this was her first appearance in a church.

I regarded the child curiously to see what would be the effect of the scene before her. I saw instantly that she was a street waif, and, to me, the contrast between her and the children composing the school was a painful one. They, in their cool, white gowns, could well sing, "Whiter than Snow," while she, in her dirty, tattered garments could scarcely conceive of such a thing. She wore an old, faded dress, which, in its better days, had been pink, but was no longer recognizable as such; she was bare-footed and hatless, her only shield from the sun being her thick, woolly hair. She carried in her hand an immense handkerchief, which might have been white once, and with this she continually mopped her face. She sat perfectly still, with her eyes and mouth wide open, evidently satisfied with all she saw and heard.

I soon became absorbed in the lesson, and ceased to watch the little stranger, but, at the close of the service, I looked around to see her and she was not visible. As I passed the seat, I found her cuddled up fast asleep. She had fallen asleep when the music ceased, lulled by the hum of voices. When we attempted to awaken her, we found it a difficult task; she was in a kind of stupor, and could not be aroused.

The superintendent happened to be a physician and he was summoned to the scene. He immediately ordered that the child should be taken to the hospital, and upon examination, he pronounced that she had a fever. The poor little thing had probably been suffering for days, with no attention, and had crept into the church as a place of rest when she could go no further. She was carefully tended at the hospital, and as she had elicited my sympathy, I paid her several visits.

When she was put into her little white cot a look of satisfaction came over her dusky face. Although she was delirious she seemed to notice her white-aproned and white-capped nurse, who told me that the child was happy if she saw anything white, and in ravings continually repeated "white" and "snow." The attendant did not understand the significance, nor did I at first, but finally the thought dawned upon me that she was thinking of the song she had heard the children sing, on that Sunday when I first saw her. I noticed one day, when I took her some flowers,

that she singled out the white ones and rejected all the others, and, as the nurse had said, her mind ran constantly upon white. None of us could realize what it really meant.

Little Betsy grew no better, and the doctor said she could not recover. No clue could be found as to where she lived or who were her parents. When asked where she lived she shuddered and said, "Down there," pointing indiscriminately north, south, east and west. Her name she gave as Betsy. That was all the information that could be gained from her.

One day she became more quiet and ceased to rave. The nurse thought perhaps the predictions of the doctor would prove false and Betsy would recover, but such was not the case. Finally the little thing turned to the nurse and said, "Sing, lady!" "What shall I sing, Betsy?" "Whiter than Snow." I had told the nurse of her having heard the song, so she knew the meaning of the question and began singing softly. Betsy interrupted her with "Missis, does that mean me?" "Yes, Betsy." "Me, a nigger?" "Yes, Betsy." "Den sing some more."

Here was the mystery unravelled at last. When the nurse had finished she told little Betsy how Jesus could wash all of us and make us whiter than snow, and how, even though her skin was black, her soul was as white as anyone's. This made her very happy, and she lay perfectly still a long, long time.

Betsy grew weaker and weaker, and when evening came they knew she could not live to see another day. As the twilight was growing deeper she whispered, "Onct more." "What, Betsy?" "Sing." and the nurse did sing, and, as she sang the spirit of little Betsy went to Him who was able to make it whiter than snow.

Nettie G. Pullen, '92.

AN INTELLECTUAL IDYL.

Kate Field's Washington.

Her name was Dorothy Endicott; and, when I say that, I mean a great deal. I mean, for instance, that she was a Bostonian of the bluest of patrician blood; that she lived on one of the streets which have been climbing Beacon Hill for so many years, in a house that was very old, and very grand, and very aristocratic; that, in short, she was a true epitome of all Boston's boasted intellectuality and culture. One could have told that at a glance. Intellectual brilliancy fairly shone from her plain irregular features and beamed from her spectacles. Her prim little braids under her prim little cap, and her black, lustreless, clinging gowns were all evidences of a mind far removed from the frivolities of this life, eager for all the wealth that the world of literature, science and art could offer. She was the life of the Browning societies, and she revelled in each new literary fad. Political economy was her delight. She read Plato in the original for her higher pleasure, and Lucian for amusement

Into this old Boston mansion, with its air of aristocratic, and age, and grandeur, came Sybil.

"Mamma loved you," she said to its prim pedantic mistress, "and now she is dead, and I have come to you. Will you take me?"

Dorothy's heart went out in tenderness toward the motherless little stranger. It was often lonely in the dark old house, and Sybil was like a ray of sunshine; so she was welcomed gladly. Besides, Dorothy would now have a pupil. She had longed much for some young companion to whom she could impart all her wealth of knowledge. It would be such an interesting, such an inspiring task, she thought, to lead the young, crude intellect through the flowery paths of learning, and to watch its daily development and growth.

So she made famous plans for Sybil's mental improvement, and she wrote a most scholarly letter to her brother Bartholomew, apprising him of her new, self-imposed task. This brother Bartholomew was a professor. He had the highest opinion in the world of his talented sister; but, nevertheless, he smiled at the letter, beautiful penmanship, correct sentences, systematic tabulations and all, and he felt a sudden feeling of pity for the little Sybil entrusted to her care.

Sybil was a dainty, winsome little maiden, with a wealth of sunny hair that curled itself into pretty rings around her girlish face, and eyes, deep and soft, like the gold-brown of a brook in shadow. But, alas, she was not intellectual. She was pain-

fully ignorant, Miss Dorothy was obliged to acknowledge. She had most perverted ideas. It was really scandalous! She had never heard of Matthew Arnold. She did not know the Greek alphabet. She considered Milton tiresome, and, above all, she could not pronounce a single Russian novelist's name. All the poor child could do was to look pretty, fall quite unconsciously into the most facinating, graceful attitudes, dance like a fairy, sing with a voice as clear as a bird's, and read French with a most abominable accent.

"So much greater, then, is the field of work," said Dorothy, briskly, and she arranged a most elaborate schedule of lessons, and gave Sybil lectures by the dozen on "Mental Improvement," "Woman's Sphere," "The Educated, and Their Influence on the Social and Moral Life of the World." She introduced her to many estimable young people. They were all very pleasant; they spoke feelingly of Browning, and pronounced Russian names so glibly that Sybil held her breath; but—they didn't dance, they wore spectacles, and they were all girls!

Poor Sybil's life was soon a burden. She tried very hard to learn, but Greek verbs were so irregular! History was very confusing, and what she learned by day she invariably forgot at night, and this necessitated new lectures in the morning, for Dorothy was indefatigable.

There was something peculiar about Dorothy's lectures. They were all peppered and salted, as it were, with the name "Bartholomew." Bartholomew's views, opinions and advice were quoted on every possible occasion, and the lecture closed uniformly in much this way: "And now, my dear Sybil, unless some unforseen accident occurs to prevent, my brother will be with us this summer. Hence I am anxious indeed that you shall show signs of a marked intellectual improvement. Bartholomew is a very scholarly man. He associates only with the most scholarly companions, and such ignorance as you display would appear unpardonable to him. Therefore, my dear, it behooves you, both for your own sake and for the sake of woman's glorious sphere, to apply yourself systematically and earnestly to the work which I shall lay out, that you may be another proof of woman's capability to receive an education equally with man." So Sybil learned to fear and dislike the very name of Bartholomew.

The winter was a long and dark one for the little maiden, groping so unsuccessfully for something strange which people called "culture." But the spring came at last, and life was bright and sweet again. Long, bright velvety grass carpeted the old garden. The gaunt elms that had rattled and creaked so in the chill winter winds now put forth a wealth of yellow-green leaves, and over against one side of the high brick wall that shut out the street, a long row of lilacs waved aloft their royal plumes heavy with perfume.

Then summer came, and with it Bartholomew. Sybil watched for him in fear and trembling from her window, and her heart sank strangely when she saw him descend from the carriage. He seemed, indeed, very formidable.; he was so tall and straight and majestic. But he was not so very old, after all,—at least, his hair and beard were not grey. Sybil decided not to go to dinner; she preferred to pospone the evil day of meeting.

The next morning was bright and fair, as mornings usually are in summer. Sybil rose betimes and went out into the old sun-bright garden as was her custom. The elms were alive with birds in the early day, and they chirped in most friendly fashion to the little intruder. There was one bold fellow with a jaunty brown jacket that seemed greatly attracted by her, and he would sit on a low branch with his head cocked and his bright eyes peeping about, and tell her wonderful stories of himself and his gay bird-life. Sybil would talk to him, too, and the pretty conversation became a regular feature of her daily walk. She was talking to him on this morning when she heard footsteps echoing on the stone path through the garden. She looked up, and there was Bartholomew with—fearful to relate—an Odyssey under his arm. The little bird became alarmed and scurried away to the topmost bough, where he sat ruffling his feathers and venting his rage in sharp, quick, scolding notes.

Bartholomew extended his hand. "Good morning, Miss Sybil," he said, and Sybil, as she shyly replied, observed that his eyes were dark and wonderfully pleasant. Then they spoke of the bright, fair day, of the queer-shaped cloud in the

sky above, and then of the birds. Sybil waxed eloquent on this subject, and in a short time the two were chatting together in the most friendly fashion in the world.

At last something in the conversation reminded the Professor of his Homer. He sat down on the mossy bench, opened his book and began to read aloud. He had a very scholarly accent, as all professors should have, and Sybil found herself, much to her surprise, listening with pleasure to the soft, rhythmic, melodious lines. The Professor was pleased at her apparent interest, and soon asked her to read a passage.

Poor Sybil! Greek was her pet aversion, but she dared not refuse. So she began falteringly and reluctantly to read, but the Greek characters seemed strangely confused. She found herself hesitating over the simplest words. The Professor elevated his eyebrows slightly. Sybil became reckless, and made desperate guesses. The Professor frowned. Sybil came to a complete standstill, and the Professor took the book away. He was extremely surprised, of course, at the mistakes which the supposed young devotee of higher education had made, and he looked at her, she fancied, much as he would have looked at a doll, a French doll all frizzles and simpers. She could not endure his look, half pitying, half contemptuous, as she thought it, and she turned upon him with such vehemence that the good Professor was startled.

"I am glad you asked me to read," she said, rising before him in her comical anger, with eyes flashing and hair blown about by the wind. "I am glad that I failed so shockingly, and I am glad that you look so disappprovingly upon me, for you give me courage to say what I have never dared say before—that I have no desire to be intellectual!"

The little bird in the brown jacket seemed to approve, for he flew down from his lofty perch, and rested on a branch over Sybil's head, and said quite as plainly as he could in his pretty bird fashion: "Courage, little girl, speak up! I am here to protect you. Scold away at that meddlesome old professor."

"I couldn't be intellectual, if I tried," continued the voice, with a *slight quiver* now. "You don't know how I hate it all—all this talk of woman's sphere, and culture, and everything else. I detest Greek. I think Browning is a bore, and history makes my head ache. So now you see what a hopelessly perverted, ignorant, useless creature I am."

This speech ended in a sob, and Sybil, sinking down upon the old stone seat, buried her face in her hands, and moaned in the depths of dejection. The Professor stood awkwardly beside her. Perplexity, surprise, embarrassment and amusement were all displayed upon his countenance, and the mixture was comical in the extreme. He was tempted to turn and flee, but their was something irresistibly interesting in the forlorn, dejected little figure before him. The head with its pretty rings of hair was so babylike, and the dainty white wrists and hands escaping from the flowing sleeves so soft and dimpled, that he could not forbear sitting down beside her, and comforting her as one would comfort a child.

Bartholomew told his sister that day that he had been examining her pupil, and, although he found in her the signs of promise in some departments, she was deplorably ignorant in others. But this he judged to be the result of the training which she had received, and he had great hopes of better success under different instruction—his own, for iustance.

Dorothy was, indeed, indignant that any one, even her beloved Bartholomew, should presume to criticise her methods of teaching, and she declared in most dignified Bostonese that she would do what amounted to "washing her hands of the whole affair."

"But mark my words, Bartholomew," she added, "you will have no better success than I. The girl has no mind than a frivolous butterfly. However, time will show, and I shall examine her myself on the day when you return to the University." And, deeply wounded in spirit, she glided from the room.

The Professor began his instruction the next day, by taking Sybil into the country for a lecture on natural history and botany. Its results were so good that other excursions followed. At first Bartholomew carried a huge pile of books, but somehow history and Greek verbs, and Latin

orations did not harmonize with the blue skies, and the bird song, and the sweet, woody odors; Sybil's voice, too, did not display its pretty flexibility when she was monotonously and laborously translating her Cicero, and her sweet, purling laughter was far more pleasant to listen to than the conjugations. So the books were left at home and the lessons progressed but poorly.

The summer wore away, and the last day of the Professor's vacation arrived—the day on which poor Sybil was to undergo her second examination. It was a warm autumn afternoon. Miss Dorothy took her Matthew Arnold into the garden, and sat down on one of the mossy stone seats. She felt slightly nervous and anxious. It would be so disappointing if her brother had succeeded where she had failed. So she read Matthew Arnold diligently to calm her troubled spirits and to preserve the air of prim decorum necessary to the occasion.

The golden afternoon sunlight flooded the garden, and played in wavering flecks over the short, mossy grass. Occasionally a poor faded leaf dropped from the elms above, and drifted lazily, reluctantly down. In a neglected corner a few bold stalks of golden-rod had intruded, and they nodded their bright, saucy heads back and forth, as though coquetting with the sunshine.

The gate in the high brick wall opened at last, and the Professor and Sybil advanced slowly up the narrow path toward Miss Dorothy. She gave her attention more closely toward Matthew Arnold, and braced herself mentally for the coming interview. They were soon before her, however, and she was obliged to look up. If she had not been so intent upon preserving her air of disinterested decorum she might have wondered a little. The Professor looked so like a naughty school-boy brought to justice, and there was such a queer light, half-mischievous and half-frightened, in Sybil's dark brown eyes.

"Well," said Miss Dorothy at last, for the silence was becoming oppressive, "and how has Sybil progressed under your charge, my dear Bartholomew? Did you not find her mind quite incapable of grasping even the rudiments of a higher education?"

The Professor cleared his throat, smiled a most peculiar smile, coughed once, and then said: "Far from it, my dear sister. Instead, I have observed with pleasure a marked development of intellect and character in certain directions. I am perfectly satisfied with the progress which my little pupil has made, and"——

"And," broke in Sybil, with her soft voice, so like that of a summer brook, "and he is so pleased with me and so confident of my abilities that he is going to take me away with him to help him in his work."

"In short," finished the Professor, "we are going to be married."

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Miss Dorothy and her slim, patrician hands rose in the air with horror, while Matthew Arnold fell to the ground with a bang. It was the first undignified expression that had ever passed her lips, and Sybil laughed outright. It was such a merry, ringing, silver, contagious laugh that the Professor had to join it, and at last even Miss Dorothy laughed too.

The little outbreak of merriment accomplished wonders, for soon the elder woman arose and tenderly, almost reverently, kissed Sybil. Then, a suspicious moisture dimming her glasses, she picked up Matthew Arnold and walked slowly away into the house.

Sybil looked after her, almost pityingly, for a moment. Poor woman—she had so little to live for! The next instant the sprite had caught her dignified Professor by the hands and danced with him down the garden, while the sun burst forth from a cloud behind which he had hidden himself, and the sparrows chirped and chattered in wonder at the scene, and the golden-rod nodded faster than ever.

Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92.

A COMMON OBLIGATION.

Upon each blade of dewy grass,
And every weed you pass;
On ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
Or gentle stream that flows;
On ev'ry distant, gleaming star,
Or murm'ring winds afar;
On ev'ry song-bird's bursting throat
And lo! On human note;
One burden laid—it has no rest—
'Tis this: "Thy best! thy best,"

H. W. R., '92.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As usual grey skies and rain greeted the return of Wellesley's daughters on September 10th. On Thursday, however, the clouds parted for a short time, and the College opened formally with a cheering brightness of sky and of sunshine. For the Freshmen the grey weather was hardly welcome, but the former students appeared happy and glad to return in spite of the rain and the mist. For a few days the College was in the wildest state of confusion while the students were assembling and preparing for work. Coach after coach brought to the College door its load of girls happy and rested from their labors of the past year, and ready with fresh enthusiasm for work again. The dignified Seniors were soon busily engaged in making their new cottage rooms seem cosy and home-like; the Juniors in struggling frantically over those most complicated of things their schedules, and the kindly attentive Sophomores in welcoming the wondering Freshmen and initiating them into the marvels of College life.

The long vacation has brought but few changes to Wellesley beyond the changes in the faces of the students. '90 has left us to join the ever-increasing band of Alumnæ, and we miss her sorely. A new class, with unfamiliar faces, wanders about the College halls and through the grounds. 94, we bid you welcome, and wish you all success in the new, strange life which lies open before you.

No new buildings adorn the College grounds this year. The grass, which we left in June struggling feebly for existence around the Art Building, has taken advantage of the vacation to grow, and the smooth, green lawns add much to the beauty of our Cottage Hill. The residents of the Main Building are delighted with the festive appearance of the dining room. The ceiling has been whitened, the wood-work painted, and a new floor added, which is delightfully attractive to the eye, and perilously slippery to the feet. The book store has been removed from the reading room, and it now offers its wealth of books and stationery to the purchaser, in more commodious quarters in a room near the General Office. The Juniors may be pleased to learn of the new laboratories which the Physics department has fitted up for the use of the students. Several of the rooms on the fourth floor have been thrown open, and in this way three very pleasant laboratories have been formed.

Wellesley is very proud and happy in the new course in Comparative Philology which she offers to her students, and everyone welcomes heartily Dr. Helen L. Webster who has been appointed Professor of that department. We are very glad that the new term brings among us again so many of our teachers who have spent the past year away from Wellesley, and we extend to them cordial greeting. The department of Mathematics welcomes the return of Miss Pendleton who has been studying in Cambridge for the last year. She is to have classes in Sophomore work, and Miss Chandler in Junior work. Miss Montague has also been studying in Cambridge, but she has returned to resume her work in the Greek Department. Miss Calkins does not return this year. She is to be occupied in the study of Philosophy in Cambridge and Worcester. Mrs. Irvine has been appointed Junior Professor, and she enters upon her duties this year. Miss Gelston does not return. A course in Greek Testament is open to the Juniors and Seniors instead of the regular work in Bible. The Latin Department retains its former teachers. Dr. Helen Webster, in addition to her other duties, will instruct the Senior class in Latin. The Literature Department mourns deeply the loss of Miss Bates who is travelling abroad on account of ill-health. Miss Jewett is to take her classes, and Miss Nelly Wilson is to be the new teacher in this department. Miss Wilson has studied at Smith College two years, and she has taken the entire course of Literature at Wellesley.

The Department of Philosophy will miss Miss Case who has gone abroad for two years to pursue an advanced course in Philosophy. She will study in Berlin most of the time. Miss Noyes and Miss Ritchie are to have her classes. The many friends of Miss Hurll will be glad to welcome her back. She has been abroad pursuing a course of study in Philosophy of Art. The Freshman class is to resume the usual course in Ethics which '93 was so unfortunate as to miss. Fraulein Wenckebach has gone abroad for her Sabbatical year and Fraulein Eggers taking her place as Professor. Fraulein Cordemann has left the College, and gone to Dana Hall where she is to teach German. Fraulein Müller's sister, Fraulein Elsbeth Müller, is to assist in the German Department. She has been studying at the Seminar in Hanover, and also at the Conservatory of Music in Berlin. Fraulein Meyer who has been teaching in Berlin, N. J., for a year, will also assist in this department.

The Zoölogy Department is rejoiced to welcome back its Professor, Miss Willcox who has been abroad for her Sabbatical year. She is to instruct the class in Zoölogy, assisted by Miss Emily Brown '90. Miss Barrows has resigned from her position, and accepted a position as principal in a school in Providence, R. I. Miss Woodman is to take her classes in Physiology, as usual. A new course in Entomology has been opened to the students. Miss Willcox and Mr. Morse are to be the instructors. Mr. Morse has been preparing for his work this summer at the Summer School of Entomology at Cornell with Professor Comstock who is one of the leading Entomologists in the country. Miss

Metcalf is missed from the Chemistry Department. She is at present at her home in Illyria, resting from her labors of last year. Miss Bragg, a graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology, will fill her place. Miss Buckley, who assisted in the Physics Department last year, does not return to Wellesley. She is at her home resting from all scientific work on account of ill-health. Miss Chase is the new teacher in this department. She is a graduate of Oberlin University, and she has studied two years at Cornell, obtaining last year the degree of M. A. in both Mathematics and Physics.

The many friends of Miss Roberts grieve that Wellesley can no longer retain her as an instructor. We shall miss her sadly both as a teacher and as a friend and, although we wish her much happiness and joy in her new life, we do it with a little selfish feeling of regret. May the little surprise-visit which we have received from her this week be often repeated. Professor Coman will take Miss Roberts' class in Modern History. Mr. Manly will not have his class in Junior Rhetoric this year. It will be under the instruction of Mrs Manly. A new class in Elocution is to be formed this year, for the Sophomores outside the Main Building, who do not work in the Gymnasium. This course is to be required in the future.

The Art Department will miss two of its instructors Miss Bothe and Miss Coman. Miss Coman has opened a studio in Ohio. Miss Margaret Jackson, the daughter of the famous sculptor, is to be the new teacher of Italian. She has spent many years in Italy and possesses a thorough knowledge of the language. In the departments of Botany, French, Music, History of Art and Geology there are to be no changes.

On Sunday, Sept. 14th Dr. E. B. Coe of New York, preached to the students, taking, in accordance with the usual custom, the text, "God is Love." The chapel was decorated with flowers, silent, and beautiful witnesses of God's tenderness and love. Dr. Coe showed that the one thing of supreme importance to all is the character of God. We are independent of our fellowmen, independent even of ourselves, but never of Him. With our success and failure God has an immediate connection. He reigns in this world and in the world to come, and holds our destiny in His sovereign right hand. The question may be asked, Who is this God? Is he a God of love or of wrath, or of indifference? The Bible says "He is a God of love." Looking at the misery and suffering and crimes of this world, many doubt the truth of this Scriptural doctrine, and they say, "God is not good." When sorrow comes to us and we see no light in the darkness we say, "Alas! there is no God." It would be strange indeed if God gave no proof of his love, and we need not seek long to find many proofs. God's love is not shown by making us sinless, nor by making us happy, nor by indifference to our sins and indiscriminate forgiveness. The Bible declares that this infinite God does condemn and punish sin. How then does he prove his love? Paul says that although we were sinners, Christ died for us. Three words in this statement demand our attention. First, the word "Christ.' He was the son of God, and one with Him in sympathy and nature. Thus the love which Christ manifested was the love of God. The second word is ' died." So strong was God's love for men that He sent His son on earth to die for man. The third important word is "for us." Christ's death was a reconciliation of men with God through God's own suffering. Thus in this statement of Paul's is demonstrated God's love. The Apostle again shows the nature of His love. It is universally extant. It embraces sinners. It involves self-sacrifice. It has its supreme regard for character. The world's sorrow is traced to the world's sin. Righteousness first, happiness after. God's love is a love we can trust. He who sacrificed himself will supply our needs. He who suffered for us at Gethsemane will never desert us in the hour of peril. Since He has shown His love, who is there who will not say, "Take me for Thy love has conquered mine."

At five o'clock a prayer meeting was held in the chapel, and in the evening a short Vesper service was held.

AN ELIZABETHAN EPISODE.

Long had the sunbeams rebelliously strayed
O'er the welcoming lawn and the meadow,
Noticing not that their guardian sun
Was seeking the cool Western shadow.

They rush o'er the trees to the gray castle wall,
And search through the avenues shady,
Nor rest on their way, till their homage they pay
To England's all-powerful lady.

Elizabeth smiled at the sunny caress,
As she gazed on the tournament's glitter,
She was wondering where in the breadth of her land,
She could e'er have found warriors fitter.

There was many a costume whose listening folds
Throbbed in time with the heart of the wearer,
While many a glance by the grim spear-shaft stole
To encourage the hope of the bearer.

Claire, the most exquisite, came to your dream
Like the sweetest of bells faintly ringing,
Till the chiming crept into the home of the heart
And set all the voices to singing.

Like a princess she sat in that whispering throng
So sweetly unconscious of power,

Nor abroad was it known that for her sake alone
Two knights went to trial that hour.

She hummed as she waited the first of the fray,
A ballad of by-gone glory,
And her bright eyes grew soft as she sang the refrain
Of that simple, plaintive story.

"My own love shall be
If on land or on sea
Whether blithe or his comeliness losing,
Be he gallant and gay
Or the worse for a fray
He shall aye be the love of my choosing.
A warrior gay
May not take me away
For my own love may fail, tho' endeavor.
If I love him, I'll know
All his weal and his woe,
When I love him, I choose him forever."

* * *

The tournament ended, the proud victor went
For the trophy to valor awarded,
Recompensed well if the beautiful Claire
Shared the pleasure his triumph afforded.

But the lady's eyes fell, and the sensitive mouth
Surely showed that her heart was a rover.
Well she praised him,—yet oft did her questioning eyes
Search the murmuring multitude over.

Sadly he went, and as sadly there came
The knight whom he lately had routed.
Slowly he came to her out from that throng
To the lady whose welcome he doubted.

But he's seeing her eyes through a violet haze,
And his heart beats with dawning hope faster,
As he finds, by the side of her dimple-cleft chin,
A diminutive star of court-plaster.

The tiniest star, but a heaven of hope,
Shines forth from that dainty love token,
While she softly is singing that song of her youth,
Or ever her love was bespoken.

"A warrior gay
May not take me away,
For my own love may fail, tho' endeavor.
If I love him, I'll know
All his weal and his woe.
When I love him, I choose him forever."

Back through the cloudland the sunbeams have gone,
From the land of the night shadow flying.
They are taking away all the light of the day,
And the leaves on the old elms are sighing.

Florence Annette Wing. '92.

ALUMNÆ RE-UNION, 1890.

The eleventh annual re-union of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association was held in the College Chapel, June 25, 1890.

As the President, Mrs. Winnifred Edgerton Merrill, '83, was in Europe, the meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul.

The most important business of the meeting was in connection with the Norumbega Fund. Miss Sanborn, '84, Treasurer of the Committee on this Fund, read a report stating that the amount at present on hand was $4.000, over $1,100 having been added during the past year. The Central Committee appointed by the Chair for the coming year consists of;—Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, Chairman and Treasurer; Miss Laura A. Jones, '82, andMiss Laura M Parker, '87. The presidents of the different classes were appointed a subcommitte to act under the Central Committee.

The following officers of the Association were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Miss Gertrude A. Chandler, '79; Vice-President, Miss Laura A. Jones, '82; Treasurer, Miss Edith A. True, '87; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Helen Jewett Young, '84.

The business meeting was followed by literary exercises, which were most happily introduced by the singing of "All Hail to the College Beautiful" by the College Glee Club. The Alumnæ hailed most joyfully this new element of beauty in the College life.

The main theme of the literary exercises was, "The Relation of the College to Domestic Economy," and the subject was presented in an extremely interesting and practical way by Mrs Louise McCoy North, '79. Discussion followed in short speches by Miss Jones, '82, Miss Brown, '83, and Miss Bean, '88, after which the meeting adjourned.

Immediately after the business meeting a collation was served in the College dining room. Here the Alumnæ welcomed most gladly Mrs. Durant and President Shafer. We regretted the absence of Miss Howard and Mrs. Palmer, the other invited guests.

After dinner, we listened with warm interest to the remarks of Mrs. Durant, who touched upon the underlying aims of the College as expressed in the notes of Mr. Durant's sermon on "The Spirit of the College," copies of which she had provided for all the members of the Association.

Miss Shafer then gave a short account of the growth of the College during the past year, and spoke of its most pressing needs and immediate aims. A number of toasts followed, and these with singing by the College Glee Club filled up the afternoon, till it was time to join in the Alumnæ song with which each annual reunion is closed.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WELCOME to the Freshmen,—all two hundred and twenty-eight of them, and welcome to the sixty new Specials too.

THE College Hall and the adjoining buildings are full to overflowing, and there are fifty Freshmen now boarding in the village. Even the hospital is full, though happily not full of invalids.

SIMPSON Cottage holds none but Sophomores and advanced Freshmen. Twenty of them together,—what a gay time they will have!

COTTAGE street house is open again, and is in charge of Miss Burlingame.

THERE is quite a delegation of younger sisters in '94. Miss Brooks, Miss Mabel Porter, Miss Genevieve Stuart, Miss Straight, Miss Belfield, Miss Pew, Miss Sawin, Miss Randolph, Miss Wilcox, Miss Longley, Miss Jacobus, Miss Hawley, and others are initiating their younger sisters into the mysteries of Wellesley.

THE entrance examinations have been taken calmly and coolly as they should have been. One especially calm and cool young lady, feeling hungry in the middle of the mathematics examination, asked the professor if she might have some bread and butter!

A NUMBER of "old girls" have come back to us this year. Miss Mattie Goddard, Miss Blanche Whitlock, and Miss Hattie Gage, formerly of '90, have returned to join the ranks of '92.

MISS Jennie Corey, Miss Emma Jack, and Miss Rena Webster, formerly of '90 have returned to graduate in '91.

MISS Agnes Holbrook, formerly of '90, has joined '92, after spending two years abroad studying German and Music.

MISS Helena Corey, Miss Maude Keller and Miss Anna Locke, formerly of '91 have returned to join '92.

MISS Kate Holley formerly of '93 has returned to join '94.

MISS Florence Wilkinson of '92 and Miss Florence Hoops of '93, have returned to their own classes. Miss Wilkinson spent the last year at Vassar.

MISS Frances Pinkham, formerly of '92 has just returned from abroad to join '93.

MISS Netta Stockwell and Miss Louise Pope of '91, Miss McLean, Miss Wright and Miss Ewing of '92, Miss Sara Mitchell and Miss Spining of '93 will not return this year.

MISS Kate Taylor, formerly of '90 is unable to return on account of ill-health.

ALL contributions to the Norumbega Fund should be sent to Miss Helen J. Sanborn, 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

MISS Mary Russell Gilman of '88 spent Sunday at Freeman Cottage, on her way to Detroit, where she will teach during the coming year in Miss Liggetts boarding and day school.

THINGS in general are as confused as usual at the beginning of the year. Freshmen are taken for teachers and teachers for Freshmen, and all sorts of amusing mistakes are made, to the great embarrassment of the makers Would it not be a good plan for the new-comers to be labelled, for the first two weeks at least?

How we do long for our new Chapel just now! Our old Chapel does its best to hold us, but we are too many for it. Perhaps, however, if we have to sit in half a chair when we are late, it will be good dicipline.

The grass is being cut in preparation for the tennis tournament, and the courts will be marked out soon, we hope. Who can tell how many fine tennis players '94 will bring forth?

Mrs. Durant has presented to Freeman cottage photographs of Mrs. Palmer and of Professor Horsford. They adorn the mantle-piece of the Freeman parlor, and, with the new curtains which Miss Dennison has at last consented to have, make the room look prettier than ever.

Mrs. Mary Marston Wormsley, a former teacher of Greek at Wellesley, and her little daughter Evelyn are spending a few days at Freeman.

Maurice, the Freeman man-of-all-work has been promoted to the post of night watchman at Stone Hall.

PRESIDENT Shafer's absence from College during the first week was occasioned by ill health. Mrs. M. E. B. R. Smith kindly lent her assistance in smoothing out the difficulties at the beginning of the year.

LOST.

Search, search, search!
Through thy dusky room, oh, C—.
But the box of matches thou gropest for there,
Will never come back to thee.

Search, search, search!
On bookcase and table withal,
But in vain! for the matches your neighbor took,
When she made you a friendly call.

Search, search, search!
From the sky to the bottomless sea,
But the tender grace of a chemical surface
Will never come back to thee.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

PRESIDENT W. A. Quayle, of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, is said to be the youngest college president in the world. He was graduated five years ago, and is only twenty-five years of age.

BROWN UNIVERSITY enters upon its 126th year. Princeton enters upon its 144th year. Its freshmen class numbers over 250.

DARTMOUTH has a student from Vicksburg, Miss., who, being almost totally blind, is obliged to use text-books with raised letters or to have his lessons read to him.

A NEW chair, hitherto unknown in any American College except Yale, has been established at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn. This is the chair of the English Bible and Semitic history. Prof. R. W. Rogers, formerly of Haverford College, but more recently of the archæological department of the British Museum, has been called to fill it.

A CHANGE, it is said, is to be made at Williams College, by lengthening the summer vacation and giving less time to the Christmas and Easter recesses, in order that the so-called equinoctial rains may come before the beginning of the term. These unpleasant visitors seem to come regularly on the first week or so of the college year and, in fact, are regarded as a college institution. The upper classmen aver that they are sent expressly for the purpose of making new-comers home-sick, and so they club the first rain storm of the Autumn, the "freshmen drizzle."—*N. Y. Daily Tribune.*

AN offer is made by the Archæological Institute of America that any school or educational society raising the sum of $100 to aid the movement to purchase the site of Delphi, shall receive all the publications of the Institute for 10 years. Smith College has contributed $200, Cornell, $322, Harvard, $1100, and Princeton guarantees $500. The sum of $85 coming from Iowa College was raised from an entertainment given in classic costumes.

PROFESSOR O. C. March has received for Yale University the skeleton of a saurian which was unearthed in a sandstone quarry at Buckland, in the town of Manchester, six years ago. Between two of the known species of saurians there extends a gap which scientists have assumed that nature must have filled. Now, Yale has a complete skeleton of this missing link with the exception of the head, and in a short time the head will be mounted with the other bones.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Evelyn Barrows, '85, is teaching in the Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

MRS Helen Barrett Montgomery, Miss Charlotte Conant, and Misses Flora and Hattie Crouch of the Class of '84, and Miss Edith Tufts and Miss Amelia Hall of the Class of '85 spent a delightful month this summer with Miss Mary Emerson at Rockford, Ill.

Miss Mary C. Wiggin, '85, has resigned her position at Suffield, Conn., and will teach this year in the Wellesley School at Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Libby, '89, is teaching in the High School at Cairo, Mich.

Miss Florence Yost, instructor in Latin at Wellesley, '88-'89, was married in June to Mr. John Humphreys and is now living in Philadelphia.

MRS. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth, student at Wellesley, '87-'90, has moved to Boulder, Col.

Miss Belle Emerson, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, sailed for Europe Sept. 8, on steamer Aller. Miss Emerson plans to spend a few weeks in Dresden, study Art in Paris during the winter, and travel in Spain next Spring.

BORN.

AT Rockford, Ill. July 1, a daughter, Janet Belle, to Mrs Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe. '82.

MARRIED.

MERRIAM–FLOYD.—At Waverly, N. Y., Florence Floyd, '85, and Frank W. Merriam.

HUME–HATTON.—At Des Moines, Ia., June 25, Angie Hatton, '88 and Cleland Hume.

WATSON–MODERWELL.—At Chicago, Sept. 1, Mattie Elizabeth Moderwell and James Edwin Watson.

WEDDING BELLS.

"The priest blesseth her with his two happy hands."
Spenser's Epithalamion.

Among the Berkshire hills there is today a new home whose foundations were laid in the President's parlor at Norumbega, Monday, June 30.

All the happy omens which the young bride affects to scorn, but nevertheless cherishes with secret joy—golden sunshine, a happy-starred day of the week, week of the month, and month of the year, the attire according to the traditional rhyme,—were fulfilled, when at half past seven the first bars of Lohengrin and a look of happy expectancy on the faces of the wedding guests announced the approach of the bride, Miss Florence Newman. She was preceded by her younger sister, Miss Alice, and followed by perhaps a double score of her college friends, in festal array, as befitted the time and occasion. A daintier bride, more exquisitely and becomingly attired in mousseline de soie with veil to her feet, could not be fancied. One of the white roses she held in her hand was her best symbol, as more than one remarked. Miss Newman was met by Mr. Frank Peirson, the groom, at the pretty, improvised altar,

while the little bridal procession made a semi-circle in the rear, the remaining guests disposing themselves on either side the parlors.

The marriage rites were conducted by Rev. Chas. Talmage, in simple, fitting words, as became the hour and the relation of a long-time friend. After the congratulations the bride led the way to the dining-room, and with the usual bridal cheer and the merriment occasioned by the revelations of the bride-cake, the hours too swiftly fled, until the sound of carriage wheels sadly reminded us that the end of this happy occasion was the permanent withdrawal from our number of a beloved member of our household for the past four years.

It was pleasant to note that a generous number of the same company that first lit the household fires of Norumbega Cottage were re-gathered, while the maiden, as "in the brave old days," carried out from the household altar the fire of her new home altar.

Beside the immediate friends of the bride and groom, Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Durant, Pres. Shafer, Mrs. Prof. Palmer, Mrs. Talmage, wife of the officiating clergyman, Prof. Horsford and several members of the Faculty and of the student-household assisted on the festal occasion.

Among the numerous and beautiful wedding-gifts was one which can be as happily shared as the donor can be lightly recognized.

AMONG THE HEATHER-BELLS.

Where gray the peaks of Arran rise,
To guard old Ossian's tomb,
And all the sunshine flees the skies
To blossom in the broom,
Where 'neath the drooping hawthorn sprays
The fairies loved to dance,
Ere English speech and English ways
Had frightened them to France,
—There one the misty mountain climbs,
And loiters down the dells,
Who'll listen for your wedding chimes
Among the heather-bells.

Though songfully the silver burn
May ripple to the sea,
And rustling through the upland fern
The wild deer wander free,
Though strangely sweet the curlew's call
Shrills inland from the foam,
I'll hear no sound amid them all
Save echo-bells of home.
—While bridal guests their blessings bring,
On far-off Arran's fells,
For me your wedding chimes shall ring
Among the heather-bells.

WABAN RIPPLES.

ENGLISH VISITOR: It seems strange to me that more of your University men do not try to make a record for themselves.

TALE PROFESSOR: Well, you see, most of them are busy trying to *break* the record.

YOUNG MAN TO SIMPSON SOPHOMORE: And why do you call yourselves *S s?*

S. S.: S times S=S_2, you know.

HE (trying to be delightful): Ah! I see—aiming to be fair and square at the commencement of the term.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

"Please excuse my absence from ——. It was occasioned by Prof. X——having desired me to go to Natick on business, and we consulted the time-table relative to time of return and planned to leave for return in abundance of time for recitation; but, when on my way I was told there was no such train as we thought, I returned at the earliest hour, but too late for the recitation. I am sorry."

"Please excuse my absence from——. It was caused by sleep."

HARVARD FRESHMAN TRAVELING ABROAD: A ticket for New York, please.

TICKET AGENT: What class?

HARVARD FRESHMAN (reluctantly): Oh, Freshmna class!

SHE: I am a *Stone Hall* girl, you know.

HE: Ah! is that the Preparatory for Wellesley?

The Class-day orator in one of our New England institutions of learning, was asked by one of his professors to cut out a certain portion of his oration, which did not seem suitable to the occasion. "Oh, that would be impossible," he replied. "I couldn't cut that out. It would take away all my self-esteem."

"Then do let him leave it in," remarked another professor, "for if we take away his self-esteem, there will not be enough of him left to graduate."

If Domestic Hall isn't home-like
And Stone Hall is only brick
This is surely a disenchantment
Or else I'm a trifle homesick.

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NOV. 13, 20, 27. DEC. 3, 11, 18, 25, 1890. JAN. 1, 8, 15, 1891.

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NOW ON SALE AT THE BOX OFFICE AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

I. NOV. 13.

Reeves' Famous American Band of Providence, augmented to forty first-class musicians, including the eminent soloists:

Mr. Bowen Church, - - Cornet.
Mr. Max Guetter, - Flute and Piccolo.
Mr. Wm. B. Smith, - - Trombone.
Mr. Wallace Nimms, - - Saxophone.

This splendid band is specially engaged to open the "COMMONWEALTH" Series of Concerts and Lectures the coming season of '90 and '91, and will, no doubt, be fully appreciated by all patrons attending.

The Augusta (Ga.) News says of this band during a visit there:

"Thomas' Orchestra last winter gave us no finer programme than Reeves' Band furnished last night, and the entire list of performers won the heartiest applause and favor of our musical people.

* * * *

"We urge everybody in Augusta to go out and hear this magnificent Band of musicians."

Miss Grace Gardiner, the young and pleasing soprano of Boston, will make her first public appearance at this concert.

II. NOV. 20.

Concert by Brown University Glee and Banjo Club.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

A. H. COLBY, - - - - DIRECTOR.

1ST TENORS.	2D TENORS.
L. M. Lincoln.	J. B. Barbour.
B. S. Webb.	H. A. Richards, Jr.
A. J. Llewellyn.	F. C. Williams.
E. P. Manning.	A. S. Taylor.
1ST BASS.	2D BASS.
F. W. Woodcock.	C. E. Tucker.
H. H. Rice.	E. G. Dexter.
H. K. Rowe.	W. L. Chase.
E. B. Birge.	A. H. Colby.

B. S. Webb, Whistler.

PROF. D. S. BABCOCK, - - INSTRUCTOR.

BANJO DEPARTMENT.

W. H. PAINE, - - - - DIRECTOR.

BANJOS AND BANJEAURINES.	GUITARS.
W. H. Paine.	F. W. Matteson.
H. N. S. Bradford.	G. N. Norton.
T. S. Brown.	W. B. Perry.
J. P. Gage.	MANDOLINS.
M. S. Fanning.	G. N. Norton.
	W. H. Paine.

Letter from Wm. H. Baldwin, Prest. of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

"The Brown University Glee and Banjo Club has been held for some years past in high favor by the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, they having been present at the Public Anniversary Receptions and adding much to the enjoyment of these occasions by their choice selections of vocal and instrumental music, finely rendered and warmly received by large and appreciative audiences."

(Signed) WM. H. BALDWIN.

III. NOV. 27.

Highland Glee Club.

FRANK E. FITTS, - - - DIRECTOR.

1ST TENORS.	2D TENORS.
Edward C. Foss.	Fred N. Kerr.
Fred E. Wood.	Fred W. Fitts.
1ST BASS.	2D BASS.
Charles N. Fitts.	Albert C. Ashton.
Arthur C. Holt.	William C. Pottle.

Also,

The Berry Concert and Tableaux Company.

ARTISTS:

Miss Nellie Victoria Parker, - Soprano.
Miss Lizzie A Howie, - - - Cornetist.
Miss Emma Aurelia Berry, - - Reader.

LADIES OF THE TABLEAUX COMPANY:

Miss Nora Pearl Danforth.
Miss Mabel Emma Fidel.
Miss Claudia Russell.
Miss Bertha Outram.
Miss Georgia Duncklee.

Press Notices.

MISS PARKER.

"The Haydn prize medal given by Mr. Georg Henshal of London, was presented to Miss Parker at the Commencement Exercises in Sleeper Hall."

—*Boston Herald.*

"Miss Nellie Parker, a young soprano of much promise, gave two songs: Gottschalk's 'O Loving Heart' and Gounod's 'Au Pruitemps' so well that she was recalled upon the platform four times."

—*Boston Globe.*

MISS HOWIE.

"In the New England Star Course Concert, Tremont Temple, last evening, Miss Lizzie A. Howie proved herself a first-class Cornet Soloist."—*Boston Globe.*

MISS BERRY.

"The readings and recitations of Miss Emma A. Berry were the features of the evening."—*Boston Globe.*

"Miss Berry delighted her audience with her readings, uniting culture and refinement with an exceedingly pleasing manner."—*Milford Daily News.*

THE TABLEAUX COMPANY.

"The young ladies in 'Poses, Greek Tableaux and Studies' were well trained. The facial expressions were something fine."—*Stoneham Independent.*

"The poses and tableaux given by the young ladies were charming. The movements were grand, and the dress, a purely Greek affair, gave an added grace."

—*Woburn City Press.*

IV. DEC. 3.

Concert by Tufts College Glee and Banjo Clubs.

GLEE CLUB.

E. W. NEWTON, - - - DIRECTOR.

1ST TENORS.	2D TENORS.
E. W. Newton.	F. S. Hickok.
F. T. Daniels.	E. J. Hunt.
W. S. Martin.	A. K. Lane.
F. E. Kimball.	J. B. Weeks.

1ST BASS.	2D BASS.
E. J. Crandall.	O. K. Hollister.
F. T. Nelson.	W. K. Dennison.
C. L. Stover.	W. C. Pottle.
H. W. Spaulding.	C. A. Hathaway.

BANJO CLUB.

A. W. TOPPAN, - - - - DIRECTOR.

1ST BANJOS.	2D BANJOS.
E. J. Hunt.	A. G. Randall.
F. S. Hickok.	G. W. Penniman.
A. W. Toppan.	

MANDOLINS.	GUITARS.
E. W. Newton.	F. T. Nelson.
B. F. Cunningham.	J. H. Pattee.

From the Springfield Daily Republican.

"Had a less sympathetic audience greeted the Tufts College Glee Club at the Opera House last evening, the excellent entertainment would not have failed to secure generous recognition. Compared with similar organizations with perhaps more reputation, the Tufts boys demonstrated their ability to shine. Every number on the programme was encored, in some instances repeatedly. The glees and single part songs had the merit of freshness, as well as of typical humor and liveliness. The Barnum song attested its popularity in fresh fields, while another feature gaining considerable appreciation was the 'Grasshopper Cantata.' The Banjo Club gave selections that are nowadays indispensable in such entertainments, and Mr. Weeks, as elocutionist, offered still further variety."

V. DEC. 11.

Lecture by S. W. Harmon, Esq., member of the Suffolk Bar, subject: "*Gettysburg.*" This lecture will be particularly interesting as Mr. Harmon has made a special study of this famous battle of the war. He has twice visited the battlefield, and has had interviews with some of the leading Generals of both armies, including Gen. Longstreet, regarding points of interest in the contest. The lecture includes the three days' conflict, and will be illustrated by an accurate plan of the battlefield.

VI. DEC. 18.

Concert by Apollo Male Quartet of Boston. Byron E. Noble, E. F. Waite, Robert Bruce, George A. Bunton.

Miss Ella M. Chamberlin, Whistling Soloist.

The Boston Daily Evening Traveller says:

"Miss Chamberlin executed Veuzano's 'Ah che Assorta,' and Sullivan's 'Waltz Song' with great power and brilliancy. The audience called and recalled her; 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' 'Annie Laurie,' and others pouring out, until the hall seemed filled with canaries."

Miss Mira Bell Ross, soprano, Mr. Carl Morrill, cornet.

VII. DEC. 25.

Music from Sunny Italy.

The managers take pleasure in announcing to their patrons the appearance of the *ROMA BAND* (thirty-five members) at the "COMMONWEALTH" Series of Concerts and Lectures. This prominent body of Boston's Italian citizens and musicians are specially engaged for Christmas Day, and will be assisted by the following eminent soloists:

Prof. E. P. Cericola, - - -	Trombone.
Prof. De Cristoforis, - - -	Clarinet.
Prof. Salvatore, - - -	Baritone.
Signori F. Di Pesa and F. Massa,	Cornets.

Also, the talented and well-known

Miss Olive Mead, Violiniste, assisted by Pianist.

Press Notices.

"There were two violin solos by Miss Olive Mead, a bright and interesting girl some twelve years of age. The young artiste manifested the possession of much innate talent. She bows with ease and freedom, has a well-developed technique, phrases well, and is precocious in point of style."—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

"Miss Olive Mead, a wonderfully successful pupil of Mr. Julius Eichberg, is a little lady hardly in her teens apparently, and the amount of technical skill she displayed in her playing seemed to give her audience a vast amount of pleasure, as she was recalled after her selections with decided expressions of approval."

—*Boston Herald.*

"Mr. Eichberg's phenomenal pupil, Olive Mead, though hardly yet in her teens, played the great violin solos of Vieuxtemps and Sarasate on the Music Hall stage last night with ease, taste, and musical intelligence that would have been pronounced incredible today, by those not witness to the wonder, had not little Hofmann occupied the same stage so recently."

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

VIII. JAN. 1.

Concert by Marion Osgood (Ladies) Orchestra. Thirty pieces. Violins, violas, harp, 'cellos, bass', flutes, piccolo, clarinets, cornets, trombones, snare and bass drums.

SOLOISTS.

Miss Marion Osgood,	Violinist and Conductor.
Cornet - - - -	Miss Lizzie Howie.
" - - - -	Miss Nettie Coburn.
Trombone - - -	Miss Belle Yeaton.
Slide Trombone - -	Miss Lenna Howe.
Clarinet - - -	Miss Mattie Godfrey.
" - - -	Miss Viola Dunn.
Viola - - - -	Miss Susie Wells.
'Cello - - - - -	Miss May Jones.
" - - - -	Miss Annie Tolman.
Xylophone, Staff Bells and Snare Drum	Miss Nellie Miles.

Assisted by Lady Singer.

Press Notices.

"The first sweep of Miss Osgood's bow revealed, with the girlish form, a master's hand. It has been our pleasure to hear Remenyi, Camilla Urso, Martel and Musin and now, in all justice, we must place beside these names that of Marion Osgood. Other great players have sometimes failed in intonation, in double-stopping and in the clearness of their harmonics, but in these points Miss Osgood stands above criticism. People will often travel hundreds of miles to hear such a player. Those who fail to hear Marion Osgood, will regret it during their entire lives."

—*Telegram, Plattsburg, N. Y.*

"The hall was literally packed long before the hour. * * * The music by Marion Osgood's Ladies' Orchestra received the enthusiastic applause it so richly deserved."—*Enterprise and Times, Clinton, Mass.*

IX. JAN. 8.

Stereoptican Illustrated Lecture by L. O. Armstrong. Subject: "*Ben Hur.*" By permission of the author, Gen. Lew Wallace, and Harper Bros., Publishers, N. Y.

In this entertainment the story of Ben Hur is skilfully condensed and delightfully told and illustrated step by step with a realism that is startling. The views have been colored with an artistic finish of a high order. One hundred of these beautiful toned pictures illustrate the matchless story. The Chariot Race at Antioch *with its illustrations*, holds the audience spellbound and breathless.

Press Notices.

"The lecturer is a gifted man."—*N. Y. Herald*

"Well carried out."—*N. Y. Tribune*

"Delighted audience. Lively lecturer."—*Montreal Star*

"A great success."—*Montreal Gazette*

"Audience highly gratified."—St. John, N. B. *Telegraph*

"Exquisite views and racy descriptions."—St. John *Sun*

"Readiest speaker we have ever heard."—*St. John Globe*

X. JAN. 15.

Concert by the Commonwealth Minstrels. Two hours of solid fun and music in three numbers. Humorous musical sketches, introducing operatic and popular music on sleigh bells, banjo, dipperphone, clarionette, ocarina, tunnelphone, piccolo, harmonica, guitar, flute and piano.

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Jere Scamman.	Ed. Frye.
E. M. Spears.	J. Edward Heymer.
Frank Tuttle.	Edward P. Webster.
A. DeMerritt.	Will Hunter.
Percy Smith.	Jesse Johnson.
Chas. Fuller.	Walt. Hanson.

Frank Swift.

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